

# THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Their Trials and Adventures

E. ROSALIND LEE, B.A.

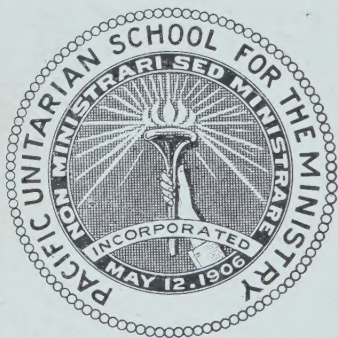


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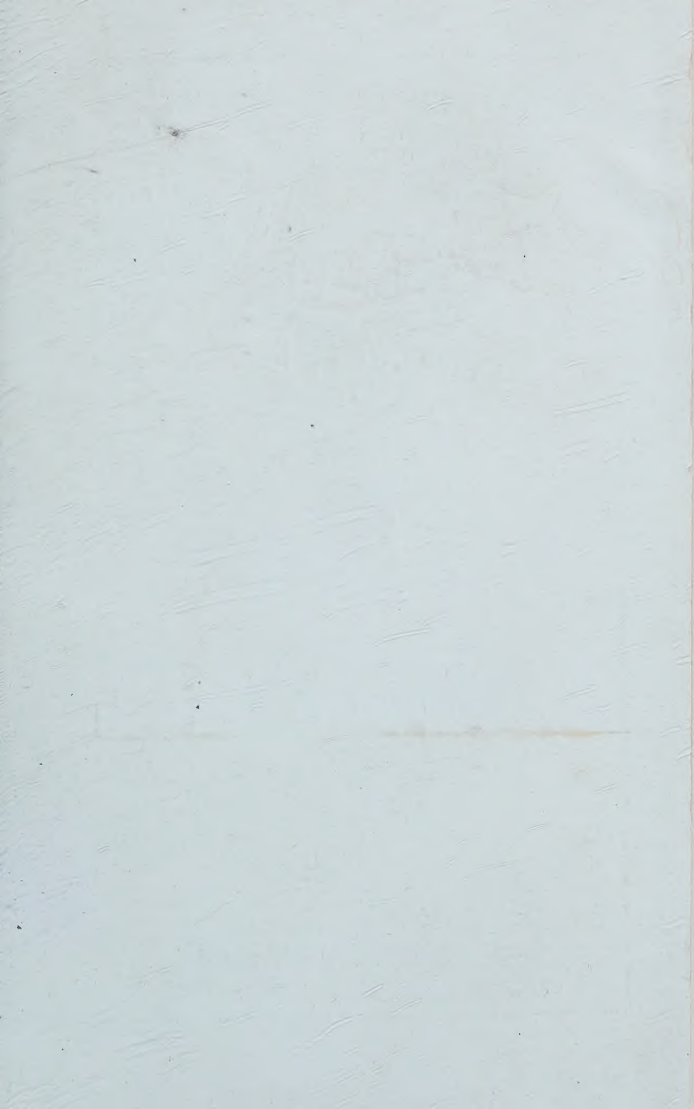
LONDON  
SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION  
Ex Hall, Essex Street Strand, w.c.

1920



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF  
SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION  
OF LONDON, ENGLAND.





A The Rock  
B Cole's Hall  
C Governor Bradford's House

Sunday at New Plymouth, 1621.

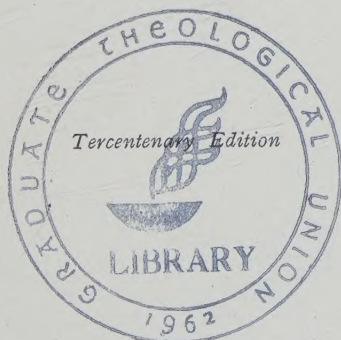
D The Fort and Church  
E The Common House

# THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Their Trials and Adventures

BY  
E. ROSALIND LEE, B.A.

With Illustrations by  
ALICE M. ODGERS



LONDON  
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION  
Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.  
1920

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1920

*First Edition, 1910.*  
*Second Edition, 1911*  
*Third Edition, 1920.*

PRINTED BY ELSOM AND CO., LTD.  
MARKET PLACE, HULL.

511

To  
G. J. N.  
AND  
T. O. L.

FELLOW PILGRIMS WITH THE AUTHOR

TO  
PLYMOUTH, MASS.  
SEPTEMBER 27, 1907.



## PREFACE

THE aim of this short account of the Pilgrim Fathers is to give young people some idea of the hardships and trials that faced those who first sought refuge in America from religious persecution, and of the motives that inspired them. The book is an expansion of articles which appeared in *The Sunday School Quarterly* (1909). My interest in the subject was aroused by the stirring address delivered at Plymouth, Mass., by Dr. Samuel A. Eliot on the occasion of the International Congress of Religious Liberals in September, 1907.

I take this opportunity of thanking Miss A. M. Odgers for her kindness in providing the illustrations.

The first edition of this little book was published in 1910; a second edition was called for in the following year.

The year 1920 being the tercentenary of the sailing of the 'Mayflower,' there has been a revival of interest in the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, hence the publication of a third edition. I have found little to add to the earlier editions beyond a few words here and there, and an appendix giving some particulars concerning John Robinson.

The state of the world after the events of the last six years makes specially significant experimental efforts of the past by which men sought to give concrete expression to their ideals. The experiment made by the Pilgrim Fathers has played an important part in shaping the thought and life of the American people.

The bibliography printed at the end will, I hope, prove useful to teachers and others desiring to study the subject in greater detail.

E. R. LEE.

PENMAEN, GLAM.

July 4, 1920.



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## CHAPTER I

### IN ENGLAND

*Whenever and wherever men and women devote themselves not to material, but to ideal ends, there the world's heroes are born, and born to be remembered and to become the inspiration of noble daring.*—DR. SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

THE people whose story you will read in these pages lived about three hundred years ago, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I of England. At that time the English laws were very strict about the ways in which people might worship God. Nowadays you will find several churches and chapels in a town; here people meet on Sundays and sometimes on weekdays too, to worship God together in different ways. But at the time of this story every one was obliged to attend a particular kind of Church, and to use the same service-book. Anyone failing to do so might be fined or imprisoned, and if

he continued to disobey the law, he might lose his property and suffer even greater hardships.

Many people did not think it right to go to the churches which by law they had to attend, nor did they approve of the only lawful service-book. Some of these preferred the Roman Catholic service, and at the other extreme were the 'Protestants of Protestantism,' who liked a simpler service than that of the Church of England. These extreme Protestants were called Puritans. At first they were laughed at and scorned, and it was only gradually that their enthusiasm and earnestness brought them to the front. Some of them felt so strongly on the subject that they met together secretly and at great risk, in order to worship God in what they thought the right way. These were called Separatists,<sup>1</sup> because they held services separately from the usual Church. Others went on attending the ordinary churches in the hope of being able to 'purify' the Church from within, but, as time went on, many gave up this idea in despair and threw in their lot with the Separatists. We need not go into details here of the religious views held by the Puritans. Some of their opinions about particular doctrines seem to us now unimportant,

<sup>1</sup> Sometimes called Brownists after one of the early leaders of the movement.

but it is for their principles that we honour them. They were ready to suffer hardships and even death rather than not do what they believed to be their duty. It is for this reason that we are proud to know that England produced the Puritans, and that we ought to remember what they did and suffered for their faith.

The particular congregation of Separatists with whom we are concerned first met together at the small village of Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, close to the borders of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. There was no large town near, but the flat open country all round was dotted over with small villages, each with its church and green, and two or three farms. The people were for the most part honest and peaceable, chiefly interested in their crops and cattle, hearing and caring little about what went on in the outside world. Though only a small place, Scrooby was more important in 1600 than it is to-day, for it was a post town on the Great North Road, the way from London to York and Scotland. The important position of postmaster was held by a Separatist, William Brewster. His duties were very different from those of a modern country postmaster. Many rules were laid down for the safety and prompt delivery of the packets of letters, which were

usually important State documents. The letters were of course carried on horseback, and no carrier might ride without a guide, 'which shall blow his horn so oft as he meeteth company or passeth through any town, or at least thrice every mile.' The riders were to travel at the rate of seven miles an hour in summer and five in winter. Each postmaster had to send on the letters within a quarter of an hour of receiving them. For this purpose he was required to have always ready 'three good horses with saddles and furniture fit and belonging, three good and strong leather bags well lined with baize or cotton to carry the Packet in, and three horns to blow by the way.' Ordinary travellers used the 'Post' as an hotel, and they also often required horses. In this way, in the course of his business, Brewster would keep in touch with public affairs. Travellers from London would often bring news of the Court and the Parliament. Perhaps they would tell him how disappointed the Puritans were with the new king, James I, and how determined he seemed to be to enforce the laws against them.

Brewster lived in a beautiful old house called the Manor House. It had belonged to the See of York, and had sometimes been used by the Archbishops as a residence. It was built in

two courtyards, surrounded by a moat. Inside there were beautiful panelled rooms, one of which was the scene of the secret meetings of the Separatists. Brewster himself was a leading member of the congregation. He had not always lived in Scrooby. In his youth he had studied at Cambridge, and later on he had been to Court, where he entered the service of William Davison, one of Queen Elizabeth's advisers, and a good friend to the early Puritans. Brewster travelled with his master to Holland and Belgium, then generally known as the Low Countries, and seems to have occupied a position of great trust. It may have been on this journey that he was first attracted by the teaching of the more extreme religious reformers on the Continent. However that may be, when his career was cut short a few years later by Davison's fall from power, Brewster retired to Scrooby and became a zealous Puritan. He did not find himself the only supporter of the more advanced opinions. Several of the neighbouring clergy had Puritan leanings, and no doubt often discussed the state of affairs with the new Scrooby postmaster. From time to time, the attention of the authorities would be drawn to the practices of one of these clergymen, bolder or more advanced in his views than his fellows, and then he

would be fined and deprived of his living. On these occasions the village people would be much more inclined to take the part of their minister than that of the officials who came to turn him out of hearth and home. So long as Elizabeth was Queen these incidents were few and far between, but after the accession of James I they became much more frequent. One of the clergymen who was thus silenced was Rev. Richard Clyfton. For many years he had held the living of Babworth, and his eloquence had attracted many of the more thoughtful people in the district. There was great rejoicing when Brewster offered the use of a room at Scrooby Manor House so that Clyfton<sup>1</sup> might continue his preaching. This was the beginning of the 'Scrooby Church,' whose members were to become famous as the Pilgrim Fathers.

Clyfton himself was an old man when he was turned out of the Babworth living. He is described by one of his followers as 'a grave and reverend preacher,' and again 'a good and fatherly old man, having a long white beard.' Occasionally his place in the pulpit was taken by a younger man, John Robinson. He also had been turned out of his benefice in Norfolk on account of his advanced Puritan views and had settled in Scrooby<sup>2</sup> where he won the hearts

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix iii (a).    <sup>2</sup> See Appendix iii (b).

of all by his upright character and courteous bearing. The members of the congregation did not all live in Scrooby. Some came many miles to join in the weekly meetings. One member in particular must be mentioned. When quite a boy, William Bradford, of the neighbouring village of Austerfield, had been attracted by the teaching of Clyfton at Babworth. Fired with enthusiasm, he had found time amidst his farming duties to study Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, 'that he might see with his own eyes the oracles of God in all their native beauty.' In spite of the angry and scornful protests of his family and friends, he threw in his lot with the Scrooby Separatists and became a very zealous member of the congregation. Many years afterwards he wrote a diary from which we learn a great deal about the adventures of the Pilgrim Fathers.

In spite of the great care taken to keep the meetings secret, they gradually became known to the authorities, and then the troubles of the little society began. Some of the members were seized and put in prison, others were practically captives in their own houses, and few were allowed to earn their living in peace. At last they could bear the persecution no longer. They found they must give up all hope of worshipping as they thought right in

England. They must either give up holding separate services or they must leave the country. The second alternative seemed to them the only possible one, and the place to which they naturally turned their thoughts was Holland, where other Puritan societies had already found a refuge, and where Brewster's experience would be a great help. But it was not without much consideration and many misgivings that they decided to take this important step, for we must remember that their enterprise was a much bolder one than it would be thought nowadays. Bradford tells us what people thought of the idea:—

‘Being constrained to leave their native soil and country, their lands and livings, and all their friends—it was much, and thought marvellous by many. But to go into a country they knew not, but by hearsay; where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how; . . . it was by many thought an adventure most desperate, a case intolerable and a misery worse than death. . . . But these things did not dismay them, though they did sometimes trouble them.’ They were convinced that they had made the right choice, and this gave them courage to face all difficulties.

## CHAPTER II

### THE FLIGHT TO HOLLAND

*Green fields of England ! wheresoe'er  
Across this watery waste we fare,  
Your image at our hearts we bear,  
Green fields of England, everywhere.*

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

THE great question now was how to get away from England. This was no easy matter, for the fugitives found that the law was quite as strict against their leaving the country as it was against their Sunday meetings. All preparations therefore had to be made in secret. First of all they had to dispose of their property. They wished to take with them as much as possible, but many things had to be left behind. Then there was the journey to the coast. This in itself was a great undertaking. Roads were very rough in those days, little more than grass tracks across open country. It would take a long

while to cover the forty or fifty miles on foot or with the baggage in heavy country wagons. In addition there was always of course the fear of robbers. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to escape. Once, in the autumn of the year 1607, a vessel was hired to take the whole company across to Amsterdam from Boston, a small town on the south coast of Lincolnshire. Every one was ready and waiting at the appointed place, but the ship did not arrive so soon as it was expected. At last it came, and they all went on board in the night. But instead of sailing away the master of the ship betrayed them into the hands of the catchpole officers, whose duty it was to prevent people from fleeing from the country. The officers took the poor fugitives back to Boston in open boats, took away their money and baggage, and even some of their clothes, and then marched them through the town to the prison. The next day they were brought before the magistrates. Fortunately these were not unfriendly towards Puritans, so, after a month's imprisonment, most of the fugitives were released and sent home. Brewster, with a few others, was detained some time longer.

Not discouraged by failure, another attempt was made in the following spring. This time

a Dutch captain was chosen, in the hope that he might be kinder to them and more honest than the Boston captain had been. He promised to come to a lonely part of the coast between Grimsby and Hull, and there take up the fugitives with their property. It was arranged that the women and children should go all the way from Scrooby by water, taking the luggage with them. The men were to walk overland to the appointed place about forty miles away. Both parties arrived at about the same time on the day before the ship was expected. As the sea was rough the boats were drawn into a narrow creek for the night. The next morning the Dutch ship appeared, but the boats were stuck fast and could not be moved till the tide came up, which would be about midday. Meanwhile the captain was growing impatient, so he sent his own boat to shore to fetch some of the men. Just as the boat was returning for a second load, the Dutchman saw to his horror a great company of soldiers, both horse and foot, coming down to the shore. In spite of the distress of the men on board, whose wives and children were on the beach, the captain was afraid to wait; he hurriedly weighed anchor and sailed away. The men would have given anything to be back on shore again with their helpless families,

but it was in vain that they begged and prayed to be allowed to return. To make matters worse, a great storm arose. It raged for fourteen days, and drove the ship nearly to Norway. When at last the storm abated and the ship was brought safely to haven at Amsterdam, crowds were gathered on the shore to congratulate the captain on his escape. There was great rejoicing amongst the sailors and their friends, which only made the poor Scrooby men feel more lonely and home-sick. All that meant home to them was far away on the bleak Lincolnshire coast. They had come to a strange country where they could not even make themselves understood. With only the clothes they were wearing, and hardly a penny in their pockets, their condition was a pitiful one. Fortunately some Separatists from a village near Scrooby had already settled in Amsterdam, and these offered a temporary shelter to their fellow countrymen. But they were still haunted by fears as to the fate of those they had left behind.

The terrible question was still unanswered:—What had become of their families left in the hands of the soldiers in England? Theirs was a sad plight indeed. Some of the men ran away, but most of them stopped to help the women and children, for whom there was no



On the Lincolnshire Coast.



escape. It was a dreadful scene. The women were nearly distracted at the sight of the departing ship with their husbands on board, and the children, clinging to their mothers, were crying with cold and terror. They were entirely at the mercy of the soldiers, who seized them and brought them all to a court of justice. From here they were ordered to prison. For the next few months they led a wretched existence, first in one prison and then in another. Occasionally they were summoned before the magistrates, only to be sent back again to prison. All this time they were practically penniless, their luggage having been taken by the soldiers. At last the officials tired of the work; they began to long to be rid of these miserable homeless people. It seemed so unjust and unreasonable to punish them for wanting to join their husbands and fathers. So by twos and threes they were gradually allowed to escape, and at last they all got across to Holland and made their way to Amsterdam, where, as Bradford tells us in his diary, 'they met together again according to their desires with no small rejoicing.' John Robinson and William Brewster were the last to leave England; they waited to help the weakest over. We may be sure they had a hearty welcome when they reached Amsterdam.

Bradford has described the impressions of the fugitives on their first arrival in Holland:—

‘Being now come into the Low Countries they saw many goodly and fortified cities, strongly walled and guarded with troops of armed men. Also they heard a strange and uncouth language, and beheld the different manners and customs of the people, with their strange fashions and attires, all so far differing from that of their plain country villages (wherein they were bred and had so long lived), as it seemed they were come into a new world.’

The refugees could not spend all their time gazing at the strange and wonderful things they saw about them. They had to set to work to earn a living, and this was no easy matter in a strange country. The presence of the other Separatist societies was a great comfort to the new-comers. There were three of these English Puritan congregations in Amsterdam. One of them, the Scotch Presbyterian Church, has continued its meetings to the present day. It must have been a great relief to the Scrooby folk to be able to join with their fellow countrymen in worship—openly and without fear of arrest. William Bradford had very pleasant memories of these peaceful Sunday meetings. ‘Truly,’ he says, ‘there were many worthy men; and if you

had seen them in their beauty and order, as we have done, you would have been much affected thereby. . . . They had for their pastor and teacher . . . two eminent men, and in our time four grave men for ruling elders, three able and godly men for deacons, and one ancient widow for a deaconess, who did them service many years, though she was sixty years of age when she was chosen.' This old lady seems to have particularly impressed Bradford. His description brings vividly before us the bare room in which the service was held, the preacher, teacher, and elders sitting in a prominent place, and near by, in an honoured seat, this 'ornament to the congregation,' the terror of the children, 'for she usually sat in a convenient place . . . with a little birchen rod in her hand, and kept the children in great awe from disturbing the congregation.' Her other chief duty was to visit those who were ill or in trouble.

Unfortunately the refugees in Amsterdam were beginning to have religious quarrels amongst themselves, so, after a few months, the Scrooby people thought it best to move on to Leyden, 'valuing peace and spiritual comfort above any other riches.'

### CHAPTER III

### AT LEYDEN

*The city of Leyden is . . . one of the grandest, the comeliest, and the most charming cities of the world.*

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH WRITER.

LEYDEN was found to be ‘a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation.’ Thirty years before, it had been the scene of a terrible siege, when the Spaniards tried in vain to take it from the Dutch, who were fighting for their liberty. It was now a fine, prosperous city, noted for its clean wide streets, and its numerous canals bordered with trees. It was also gaining fame as a seat of learning. Students came to its University from all parts of Europe, and it was the home of many distinguished scholars. At the time of which we are speaking there also lived on the ramparts near the White Gate, a

boy, who later rose to fame as the painter Rembrandt. But he was quite unknown to the Pilgrim Fathers, who were all much too busy trying to make both ends meet to trouble about little Dutch boys with a fondness for drawing. Trade was fairly good in the city, but the Scrooby refugees found it hard work to earn a living. All their lives had been spent in a country district, so they were quite unused to town ways, and had little skill in handicraft. Brewster, being well educated, was able to teach English at the University. For the rest, there was hardly a trade or profession which one of them did not follow. There were baize weavers and serge makers, hat makers, wool-carders, masons and carpenters, engravers, goldsmiths, and many others. Bradford became a worker in fustian. In all cases, he tells us, it was only 'with hard and continued labour' that they could earn a comfortable living. But if the work was hard, they were rewarded in part by being allowed to attend their Sunday gatherings undisturbed. Their old pastor, Richard Clyfton, had remained behind in Amsterdam; at Leyden it was John Robinson to whom they all turned for guidance, not only at their Sunday meetings, but in all times of trouble. His practical sense and gentleness smoothed over many little diffi-

culties, and outside his flock his moderate language and his toleration of other people's opinions earned him the respect of the Dutch citizens. They even made him an honorary member of their University.

For twelve years the little colony toiled together in the midst of the foreign city. Some were married there, including Bradford, and several children were born. When they had lived in Leyden about two years they were able to buy a house on the Klokesteg. This served as a home for John Robinson, and also as a meeting-house for the society.

The site is now marked by a tablet with the simple inscription: 'Here lived and taught and died John Robinson.' But the house itself is no longer in existence. The present house was built later in the seventeenth century, apparently on much the same plan. The door probably opened from the street by an archway under Robinson's house into a courtyard, surrounded by smaller houses, in which, no doubt, many of Robinson's congregation lived. Opposite, still stands St. Peter's Church—bare and whitewashed inside like all Dutch churches, but impressive in its loftiness and dignified simplicity. In front is the quiet little square now dotted with trees, on which Robinson must have looked down

from his windows. Familiar, too, to him must have been the few hundred yards of the Kloksteg, leading across the canal to the University. One imagines him pausing on the bridge as he came to and fro, watching the barges as they slowly floated past, and admiring the overhanging trees.

In the other direction the Kloksteg still leads by the narrow Choorsteg with its dark little shops, into the main street. Many of the buildings in Leyden are of course modern, but a large number of alms-houses—‘Hopfes’—remain as a reminder of earlier times.

The University still carries on the early traditions of tolerance and learning—and, above all, Leyden is still a city of canals—‘a fair and beautiful city and of a sweet situation.’

As time went on, John Robinson and his flock gained a high reputation for their honesty and industry. It was said of them that ‘Though many were poor, yet there were none so poor, but, if they were known to be of that congregation, the Dutch would trust them in any reasonable matter when they wanted money, because they found by experience how careful they were to keep their word, and saw them so painful and diligent in their callings.’ Once they were held up as an example to the unruly Walloons.<sup>1</sup> ‘These

<sup>1</sup> A French-speaking colony in the city.

English have lived amongst us now this twelve years and yet we never had any suit or accusation come against any of them. But your strifes are continual. . .’ It was not unusual for one or two of the Dutch citizens to attend the services at John Robinson’s house on the Kloksteg. Indeed, the fame of the little society spread far and wide. We find, for example, that one Edward Winslow, of Droitwich, Worcestershire, was travelling in Holland in the year 1617, and coming to Leyden, was so much attracted by Robinson that he joined his congregation and soon rose to be one of its most influential members. He wrote home about his new friends:—‘I persuade myself never people on earth lived more lovingly together.’ Another famous Pilgrim who only joined the colony in Holland was Miles Standish. Like many Englishmen of his day who liked adventure, he had gone to the Low Countries to help the Dutch in their war with the Spaniards. He fell in with Robinson, and became a firm friend of the Scrooby society, though he did not actually become a member of their church.

While the Pilgrims gathered around them some few outsiders like Winslow and Standish, they were also losing some of the weaker-hearted, who pined for their native land, and

preferred the idea of prisons at home to liberty in Holland, with its struggle for a living. Then they began to discover that they were not after all quite out of reach of King James. Brewster and another member of the Scrooby church named Brewer had set up a small printing business in Leyden. The books they printed were chiefly Puritan works, which were not allowed to be printed or sold in England. Many however were smuggled into the country and were eagerly read by the Puritans. Two of these books were particularly objectionable to King James, and on their appearance he instructed his ambassador in Holland to find out the guilty printers, and to persuade the Dutch Government to take them prisoners and send them over to England. Brewer was caught, but being a student at the Leyden University he claimed the right of going to the University prison. The University stood by him loyally, and for a long time refused to give him up. At length, having obtained certain promises of fair treatment and a safe return to Leyden, he consented to go to England. The promises were kept, and he returned to Holland in safety. Meanwhile a vigorous hunt was made for Brewster. It is difficult to know how he escaped. He seems to have led his pursuers to Amsterdam

and even to England in their attempts to catch him. Once the English ambassador thought he had succeeded in his task, but it was a mistake. The wrong person had been taken. For a whole year Brewster dodged his pursuers, assisted by his Leyden friends. At last the ambassador gave up in despair, but though Brewster himself escaped it was impossible to go on with the printing business.

Saddest of all, the children were beginning to suffer from the hardships to which they were exposed. Many of them of course had either been born in Leyden or were so small when they left England that they did not remember their old home. This troubled their parents very much, for they did not want their children to grow up just like Dutch boys and girls. They could not bring themselves to like all the Dutch customs, especially the Dutch way of keeping Sunday. In fact, in spite of the kind way in which they had been received in Leyden, they could not help feeling lonely and strange. They were still English at heart, and longed to settle in some place which they could call their own, and where the language and customs would be English. Also like all men who are earnestly religious, they were filled with a restless missionary zeal. The same longing

which made John the Baptist go out into the wilderness to preach, was now felt by these Pilgrims. The Wilderness to which they turned their thoughts was America, that wonderful, then almost unknown land away over the Atlantic. There, in a new country, they thought there must be fewer temptations in the way, and better opportunities of living up to their highest ideals.

America had been discovered more than a hundred years before, but there were as yet no good maps, and people depended for what little knowledge they had on the stories of travellers. These brought home glowing accounts of the country, and from time to time a small band of settlers went out to trade with the Indians, or to try to make their fortunes by fishing and hunting. As early as 1590 we hear of a Puritan congregation petitioning for leave to remove 'to a foreign and far country which lieth in the west, and there to be accounted Her Majesty's (Elizabeth's) subjects.' One colony in particular was being talked about at this time. In 1607 one hundred and forty-three settlers had gone to Virginia and others had followed them. At first the colony was not very successful. Many of the settlers were idle, and had gone out in the false hope of being able to live

comfortably without working. The Virginia Company which managed the affairs of the colony were very anxious to induce the right sort of colonist to go out. They wanted people who were strong and not afraid of work.

The Leyden congregation thought this was a good chance for them. Virginia was a large country, so they hoped they might be allowed a piece of it all to themselves. When the idea was first started, many shook their heads and talked about the perils of the long voyage, the dangers from the Indians, and the discomforts of a new country; but the bolder among them answered to this effect: 'Yes, we know there will be dangers and difficulties, but all great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and we are ready to face them rather than stay here as exiles, almost paupers.' At length it was decided that one of the leading members of the congregation should go over to England to find out more about the Virginia Company, and to try to come to terms with them.

For a long time there seemed little hope of making satisfactory arrangements, and the exiles began to turn their thoughts to other places; but at last some kind of plan was made, and they were given leave to settle on a part of the coast in the North of Virginia.

Then began great preparations for the departure and first of all it had to be decided who should go. It was thought best for some to remain behind, so that if the settlement proved a failure, the emigrants might return and still find a home in Leyden. Naturally it was the young and strong who were most eager to go. Pastor Robinson, who was now getting on in years, chose to stay behind with the older and feebler members of his flock. Under these circumstances 'Elder' Brewster as he was now called, was appointed leader of the expedition.

There was not much time for the travellers to get ready. They had to provide for all possible wants. For many weeks, men, women, and children were all busy helping in the preparations. The English merchants would supply food and some tools and materials for their use in Virginia, but there were many things each wanted for himself. How the women must have had to sew to make enough clothes for all! There would be no shops in Virginia, of course, and there would be no means of making clothes, except perhaps from the skins of wild beasts. All worked with a will, however, and at length after much delay, Bradford tells us, 'all things were got ready and provided for the start.'

A few days before the departure the whole congregation gathered together for the last time at their usual meeting-place on the Kloksteg, to hear a farewell address from their pastor. Long sermons were the rule in those days, so it is not surprising to learn from Bradford that Robinson 'spent a good part of the day very profitably and suitably to the present occasion.' Besides much other good advice he reminded his hearers of the Church Covenant by which they had bound themselves 'As the Lord's free people . . . to walk in all his ways made known or to be made known unto them, according to their best endeavours, whatsoever it should cost them.' He deplored the fact that the Reformed Churches were unwilling to advance further than their early leaders, 'For it is not possible . . . that full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.' The whole discourse was inspired by a beautiful spirit of trust in God and hope for the future, and brought comfort and strength to many an aching heart. For aching hearts there must have been; even the boldest and most enterprising could not look forward to the future without forebodings. But they wisely did not allow themselves to think too much about the sad side of things. Instead they cheered each other with the thought that

they were pilgrims who were setting out to a better country. They have been known by this name ever since, and it is as the Pilgrim Fathers that they will always live in our memories.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE VOYAGE OF THE 'MAYFLOWER'

*They passed the frowning towers of Briel,  
The 'Hook of Holland's' shelf of sand,  
And grated soon with lifting keel  
The sullen shores of Fatherland.*

*No home for these !—too well they knew  
The mitred king behind the throne ;—  
The sails were set, the pennons flew,  
And westward ho ! for worlds unknown.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ON a fine morning towards the end of July the 'pilgrims' set forth in barges down the canal to Delftshaven, now little more than a suburb of Rotterdam, but then one of the ports of Holland. On their way they must have passed through Delft, sacred to all lovers of liberty for its association with the life and tragic death of William the Silent, the pioneer of Dutch liberties, and thence between green

fields, with distant views of windmills and occasionally a tall church tower, to Delftshaven, where they found the 'Speedwell' waiting to take them to Southampton. Most of their Leyden comrades, and some of their old friends from Amsterdam, came thus far to see them off. The next day—about 22nd July—the 'pilgrims' went on board. It was an impressive scene, even to the Dutch strangers on the quay. 'The tide,' says Bradford, 'which stays for no man, calling them away that were thus loth to depart, their Reverend Pastor falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks, commended them with most fervent prayers to the Lord and his blessing. And then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leaves one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them.'

Soon the signal for the start was given—a volley of muskets, answered by the ship's guns. Then sail was hoisted, and as the vessel slowly left the shore, a solemn silence fell upon the company. All knew that they were setting out to face 'the perils and relief of perfect liberty,' and there could be no turning back. Their hearts were too full for words.

In the Protestant Church a tablet has recently been put up by the American Congregational Union to commemorate the Pilgrims'

departure, and near by is the quay where they must have embarked.

A fair wind brought them to Southampton before many days had passed. Here a rather larger vessel, the 'Mayflower,' was lying ready to accompany the 'Speedwell' on the long Atlantic voyage. Some of the passengers and luggage had to be transferred to the larger vessel, and this took time. There was business to be done too with the Virginia Company, and this also caused delay; so there was time for Pastor Robinson to remember the numerous last words which he had not had time to say to his people, and to write a long letter for them to receive before they left England. This letter was full of the tender affection and practical wisdom so characteristic of the writer. He urged his friends to cling together in their new home, 'not nourishing a touchy humour.' He begged them with their 'common employments to join common affection truly bent upon the general good,' and above all to be tolerant and charitable towards people holding opinions different from their own. He also expressed a hope that he would be able to join them later on, but this wish was never fulfilled.<sup>1</sup>

At last the travellers and their luggage were suitably divided between the 'Mayflower' and

<sup>1</sup> Robinson died at Leyden, March 1, 1625.



The Departure from Delftshaven.



the 'Speedwell,' and on August 5th both vessels weighed anchor and sailed out past the cliffs of the Isle of Wight into the English Channel. They had not gone far, however, when the 'Speedwell' sprang a leak. Both ships had to put into Dartmouth while the damage was repaired. Again they started out and again they were hindered. This time they had gone about three hundred miles west of the Land's End when the 'Speedwell' was declared to be unseaworthy. There was nothing for it but to put back to Plymouth. By this time the courage of the more faint-hearted was beginning to fail them, so it was decided that the 'Speedwell' should be left behind altogether with the passengers who were afraid to face the voyage. This meant a heavier burden for the 'Mayflower,' which finally set out alone on September 6th with about a hundred passengers. A few of these had joined the band at Southampton, but by far the greater number came from Leyden.

Nowadays when great liners float down the Mersey and Southampton Water almost every day, and arrive at New York in less than a week, we do not think it a very wonderful thing to cross the Atlantic; but of course it was very different in 1620. Only a few captains had ventured across the dreary waste

of waters, and there were many tales of shipwreck. Only a year before the 'Mayflower' set out, some of the Amsterdam Puritans had a terrible experience. One hundred and eighty of them had sailed for Virginia, but they were driven out of their course by storms. The fresh water ran short, the captain and most of the crew fell ill and died, and when they at last reached their destination their leader and several others were dead. Only fifty survived. This story did not, however, deter our Leyden friends from their enterprise. They had tested their powers in Holland, and believed it was not with them 'as with other men whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again.' The hard times they had already passed through together had strengthened them and helped them to bear further trials. These they were not likely to escape, for not only was the 'Mayflower' overladen with passengers, but also the food and water were scanty even for the original number, so that in addition to the ordinary perils of a voyage there was the dread of famine at the end of it. Having started late in the season they could not hope to reach land until winter had set in. True, there were English already settled in Virginia, but little help could be reckoned on from them. It

would be very difficult for a small colony to provide for a hundred unexpected guests for a whole winter.

We know very little about the 'Mayflower' herself. Even if she were one of the larger and better vessels of the time the hundred passengers must have been very cramped for room. There was probably a deck-house, which would be used by the passengers in the daytime. There were very few cabins, and the men slept in bunks in the narrow space between the upper and lower decks. There was also room for a fire 'between decks.' Several guns were carried and two boats. The vessel was technically a 'ship,' having three masts, and was about a hundred feet long. There seems reason to think she was originally registered at Harwich as a whaler, and in that case she was probably rather broad and not built for speed. A captain of the time speaks of her as a 'leaking, unwholesome ship.' She was certainly an old one and not likely to be very comfortable for a long voyage even in the calmest weather.

For some time after the final start from Plymouth all went well. The wind was favourable, and the 'Mayflower' was able to keep to her proper course, but about half-way across the ocean the Pilgrims were met by the full force of the gales, which are generally severe

at that time of the year. Even to-day Atlantic storms sometimes play havoc with the monster steamboats of 10,000 tons; how much more then were they to be feared by those on board the little 'Mayflower' of 150 tons, with only sails to take her over the waves. The vessel was so much damaged that even the captain was anxious for her safety. Some of the passengers suggested returning, but, as the captain pointed out, it was as far to go back as to go on, so there was nothing for it but to make the best of things as they were. One storm after another beat against the ship. For whole days and nights the waves washed over her from stem to stern, forcing the passengers to crowd below. John Howland, having ventured on deck one day, was immediately washed overboard, but he caught hold of a rope and was hauled up safe and sound. Only one person died, but there was much suffering and discomfort, especially amongst the women and children.

At last, nine weeks after leaving Plymouth, to the great joy of all, land was sighted. It was soon discovered, however, that they had been driven out of their course by the gales they had encountered. The coast they were approaching was that of Cape Cod, miles away north of Virginia, and even north

of the Dutch station on Manhattan Island (now New York).

What was to be done? The captain said that the course southwards was very dangerous, and it would take a long while to reach Virginia; also, having once seen land, the passengers were in a hurry to reach it, so it was decided to give up the original plan, and to land at the nearest convenient spot. The captain accordingly made for the north of Cape Cod, and rounding it, dropped anchor in the large sheltered harbour now known as Provincetown Harbour. Bradford tells us that 'Being thus arrived in a good harbour and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean.'

Thankful as they all were to reach land, they nevertheless realized that there were many difficulties still before them. Most pressing of all was the need of some authority to prevent disorder. Before they left England, rules had been drawn up for the guidance of the colonists on their arrival in Virginia, but these rules did not apply to Cape Cod Bay. Fortunately the danger was perceived before any serious disturbance arose. All the men were called together in the cabin of the 'Mayflower,' and there they signed a solemn agreement, known

as 'The Compact,'<sup>1</sup> binding themselves to do all in their power to keep order, to make good laws for the colony, and to obey them when made. Brewster had enough to do in his capacity of preacher and teacher so they chose John Carver, 'a man godly and well approved amongst them,' as their Governor for the first year. Thus the Pilgrims were the first settlers in America to put into practice the principles of democratic government.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix i. and iii. (c).



Signing the Compact.



## CHAPTER V

### CHOOSING A HOME

*The breaking waves dashed high,  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed.*

*And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.*

MRS. HEMANS.

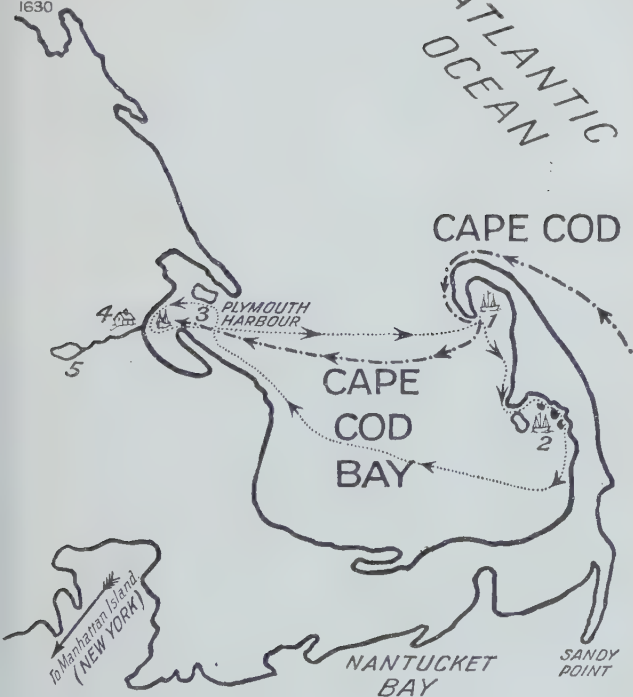
THERE was no time to be lost if the settlers wished to provide themselves with shelter on land during the cold American winter; but before they could begin building they had to find a suitable place. This was no easy matter nor a very safe one, as it was a quite unknown country they had to explore. It was quite possible that the inhabitants, if there were any, would resent the appearance

of their uninvited guests, and there were sure to be many wild animals in the woods. Much of the prosperity of the colony would depend upon this first settlement. Plenty of fresh water was a necessity, and it was important to choose a place with a good harbour, for fishing would be the chief means of subsistence. Timber was required near by for building purposes, and good soil for growing corn. At present there were no cattle, but in time these would no doubt be sent over from England, and then they would require pasture near enough to the houses to be protected from enemies. All these things had to be considered, so the settlers had no light task before them.

If you look at a map of the United States you will see that there was a long piece of coast to explore round the bay formed by Cape Cod. The narrow part of the Cape that points north is very sandy and desolate, but it was the nearest land to the 'Mayflower,' so it was the first visited by the Pilgrims on their arrival. As soon as possible fifteen or sixteen men, well armed, went ashore to see what the country was like, and to fetch firewood, of which they stood in great need. The spot where they first set foot on shore was covered with trees of all sorts, which grew almost down to the water's edge. The explorers wandered about

BOSTON  
1630

ATLANTIC  
OCEAN



Sketch Map of Cape Cod Bay

1. First Anchorage of *Mayflower* (Provincetown Harbour).
2. Grampus Bay (Wellfleet)
3. Clarke's Island.
4. Plymouth.
5. Billington Sea.

----- Course of the *Mayflower*.

..... Course of the Shallop.



the wood all day. They saw a great many birds of all kinds, but not a sign of mankind. The distant roar of the waves and the shrill bird-calls were the only sounds that broke the silence, and these only made the solitude more marked and oppressive. In the evening they returned to the 'Mayflower,' their boat laden with sweet-smelling juniper wood which served as fuel for a long time to come.

The next day being Sunday it was kept as usual as a day of rest, and afterwards the Pilgrims set to work in real earnest to find a suitable place for their new home. First the shallop was taken on shore to be put together and mended. This shallop was a light boat which had been brought over in pieces between the decks of the 'Mayflower.' It had been damaged on the voyage, so it was some days before the ship's carpenter could put it to rights. The same day the women went on shore to wash the clothes, and no doubt the children also were allowed to land and stretch their legs. How delighted they must have been to run about on shore again!

Impatient of waiting for the shallop, a party of sixteen men set out to explore further afield. Each man took his musket and sword, and wore a leather corslet to protect himself from possible foes. William Bradford was one of

the company. Led by their stalwart soldier friend, Miles Standish, they set out along the shore in single file. They had not gone much more than a mile when the front man caught sight of six Indians and a dog. These immediately ran into the wood, Standish and his men after them. Run as they would, however, they could not catch up the redskins. They tracked them for about ten miles, but could go no further owing to the darkness. They slept out in the woods that night, taking it in turns to keep watch three at a time. The next morning they made an early start, but were more bent on finding water than Indians. At last after much scrambling they came to a deep valley; here they saw a deer, and soon found springs of fresh water from which they drank with great delight. By this time they had walked nearly all round the harbour and were only four miles across the sea from the 'Mayflower,' so they lit a fire to tell their friends that they were safe. Soon after this they came to traces of men. They found smooth ground where corn had been planted, and then they came to rough heaps of sand. They dug into these and found bows and arrows and an old pot or two, but they did not disturb them when they found that the heaps were the graves of warriors. Further on they were rejoiced

to find in another heap of sand a great basket of Indian corn—‘a very goodly sight.’ They could not carry away all the corn, much as they would have liked to do so, but they filled their pockets, and also an old kettle which they found near by. They covered over the rest and marked the place for another time. Then they went on, hoping to meet with the Indians who owned the corn and pay them for it. But they did not do so. They only found two canoes, and later on, in the depths of the forest, a cunning contrivance for catching deer. The trap, which was made of a bent branch, was in good working order, as one of the party found to his cost, for as he was examining it, by a sudden jerk he was caught by the leg, but was soon released by his friends. Finding nothing more of interest they returned to the ‘Mayflower’ with the good news of the store of corn, ‘weary and welcome.’

On their return they found the shallop nearly ready, so a few days later a large party made ready, including the captain of the ‘Mayflower,’ Master Jones, and about a dozen sailors as well as twenty of the Pilgrims. By this time winter had arrived in real earnest. ‘It blowed and did snow all day and night, and froze withal.’ They took the shallop straight

to the place where the corn had been found, and having loaded her with it, a few men rowed back to the ship and the rest went further afield. As before, the first things they found were graves, this time very elaborate ones. In addition to bows and arrows there were also buried mats, bowls, and dishes. Near by were discovered two huts. The walls were made of young trees, lined inside with mats. There was a hole in the roof for a chimney. Although there was no one about, there were many signs of people having only recently left. There was a freshly killed deer, and many wooden bowls and earthen pots lying about. Some of the party wanted to make this their village, but others were unwilling, as there was very little water to be had. One of the seamen had been to Cape Cod before, and he thought he knew of a good harbour on the other side of the bay, so they all returned to the 'Mayflower' and prepared to make a fresh start. While they had been away a baby had been born, 'Peregrine White.' This was the second Pilgrim baby, for one had been born on the voyage and had received the name of 'Oceanus Hopkins.'

On the 6th of December yet another party set out in the shallop. It included amongst others the mate and pilot of the 'May-

flower,' Bradford and Winslow; as usual, Miles Standish was the leader. It was so bitterly cold that the water froze on their clothes, and the wind made the sea very rough. They first went south for about seven miles, keeping as much as possible under the shelter of the shore. Just after passing a narrow creek they came in sight of a small party of Indians on the beach, 'very busy about a black thing,' so busy that they did not at first observe the approaching boat. As soon as they did so, they fled inland, carrying something heavy with them. The explorers did not trouble to follow them, but went on a mile or two further before landing. Having found a suitable spot, they barricaded themselves in for the night. Four or five miles away they could see the fire made by the Indians, but they were not disturbed.

The next morning they explored the shore near by and found two small streams of fresh water. The shore was strewn with large black things, which were found to be dead grampus. These great unwieldy creatures are something like a small whale, about twenty feet long and very fat. They had been cast up at high water, and could not get away because of the frost and ice. The explorers went on till they reached the place where the Indians had been seen the

day before. As they expected, the black thing which had occupied so much of the Indians' attention was yet another grampus, so they called the place Grampus Bay. It is the place marked on some maps as Wellfleet. Leaving the shallop here they started to follow the tracks of the Indians, but though they wandered about all day, and found a few houses, they never saw anything of the natives. Tired and hungry, they returned to the shallop, and made a camp for the night close to the shore. They had not been asleep long when the watchman called out, 'Arm, arm !' and immediately a great and hideous cry was heard. They all arose and picked up their muskets, but as soon as a few shots had been fired there was silence, and supposing that the noise was after all only foxes or wolves, they turned in again. They were up early in the morning, and some of them took their muskets to the boat before breakfast.

Bradford shall tell you what happened next: 'Anon all upon a sudden we heard a great and strange cry which we knew to be the same voices, though they varied their notes. One of our company being abroad came running in and cried, "They are men ! Indians ! Indians !" and withal their arrows came flying amongst us. Our men ran out with all speed to recover their

arms, as by good providence of God they did. In the meantime Captain Miles Standish . . . made a shot, and after him another. After they two had shot, other two of us were ready. . . . We called to know how it was with them (who were guarding the boat). They answered, "Well, well" and "Be of good courage." . . . The cry of our enemies was dreadful, especially when our men ran out to recover their arms. Their note was after this manner, "Woach, woach, ha ha hach woach." Our men were no sooner come to their arms but the enemy was ready to assault them. There was a lusty man, and no whit less valiant, who was thought to be their captain, stood behind a tree within half a musket shot of us and there let his arrows fly at us. . . . He stood three shots of a musket. At length one took, as he said, full aim at him; after which he gave an extraordinary cry, and away they went all. We followed them about a quarter of a mile, but we left six to keep our shallop. Then we shouted all together twice and shot off a couple of muskets, and so returned. This we did that they might see we were not afraid of them nor discouraged.'

Such was the famous 'First Encounter with the Indians.' No one had been hit, though many of the coats which were hanging

up, had been shot through and through. Many arrows were picked up, some headed with brass, others with hartshorn, and others with eagles' claws. Some of these were sent home to England later on as trophies.

All that day the little company sailed on along the coast, but they found no suitable landing-place. At first the wind was good, but after an hour or two it began to snow and rain, and as the wind rose the sea began to be very rough. The boat was sadly battered by the waves. The rudder was broken, so they had to trust for steering to two men with oars. As night came on the pilot cheered them up by saying that he saw the harbour he was aiming for, but on coming nearer he found he was mistaken. He gave a warning shout, and the men just had time to turn the boat round and prevent her from being smashed on the rocks. Exhausted by battling with the elements, the men made for the sheltered side of a piece of land they saw in the distance. Here most of them went ashore, but some, afraid of the savages, preferred to stay in the boat all night. They forgot their fears, however, when the wind shifted to the north-west and caused everything to freeze hard. Then they were very glad to join their braver companions on shore. In the morning they discovered that

they were on an uninhabited island, so being secure from Indians, and the day being Sunday, they took a day's rest. They named the place Clarke's Island, after the mate, who had been the first to land. The island proved to be at the mouth of a very good harbour, which they explored the next day. At a point on the mainland they found 'divers cornfields and little running brooks, a place very good for situation.' Perhaps they had all had enough of exploring. Anyhow they agreed that this was just the place for their purpose, and returned joyfully to the 'Mayflower' to report their discovery. For one of the party it was a sad return. Bradford was greeted with the news that his wife had fallen overboard and been drowned. As soon as the wind allowed, the 'Mayflower' was brought across the Bay, a distance of nearly twenty-five miles, and finally dropped anchor in 'Thievish Harbour' (now Plymouth<sup>1</sup> Harbour) within sight of the hillock which was to be the new home of the Pilgrims.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix iii. (d).

## CHAPTER VI

### THE FIRST WINTER IN AMERICA

*O the long and dreary Winter !  
O the cold and cruel Winter !  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE settlers gave themselves a day or two to look around before making their final choice; there were some who thought it would be wiser to make their home on the large island at the mouth of the harbour in order to be more free from the attacks of Indians, but in the end bolder counsels prevailed. Finally they chose some high ground which had already been cleared by the natives. The land sloped gently down to the sea, and



Landing at New Plymouth.



the site had the additional attraction of being close to a good brook with a plentiful supply of fish.

It was a bleak coast which received the Pilgrims, offering no shelter from the north-east wind which blew across the Bay in icy blasts. In their eagerness to start building, twenty men landed on the 20th December and tried the experiment of sleeping in a tent. They very much regretted their haste, for a storm arose in the night which not only wet them to the skin, but also prevented them from returning to the 'Mayflower' till the afternoon of the next day. A few days later, however, a real start was made. The first work was to fell trees, which were their only building material. These had to be brought some little distance. Sometimes, especially towards evening, the distant cries of Indians would be heard, and one day some of those, who had gone farther afield than usual, came to cornfields and saw great fires near by, sure signs of Indians. These alarms made the settlers hasten to protect themselves against possible attacks. On the top of the slope they had chosen for their 'town' there was a flat piece of ground, which commanded a view for many miles round and far out to sea. Here they set up a cannon from the ship, made a barricade round it, and called

the place Fort Hill. Meanwhile others were busy building a shed about twenty feet square, for general use. It was called the Common House, and was intended to serve as a shelter in bad weather, besides being a useful storing place for tools. Very few ventured to live on land at first, but by the middle of January they were able to start building individual houses. The whole company was divided into nineteen households, each household consisting of a family with one or two single men as lodgers. Each house was to have a plot of ground round it, and these plots were arranged to form a street running up from the beach to Fort Hill, parallel with 'the Town Brook.' A visitor to modern Plymouth may still stand on Fort Hill and look down Leyden Street, as it is now called, to the beach. Near the bottom of the street is a carefully preserved rock, the traditional landing-place of the Pilgrim Fathers. Near by is the 'sweet brook that runs under the hill-side,' and one of the 'many delicate springs of as good water as can be drunk.' Then comes the harbour where the 'Mayflower' rode at anchor for so many weeks. At the entrance of the harbour are two islands, one of which is Clarke's Island. If it is a clear day a thin faint line may be visible on the horizon. That is Cape Cod;

beyond there is only the vast stretch of ocean.

The town of Plymouth was first planned out in the early days of 1621, but it was a long time before all the houses were built. When the first house was only half finished, the Common House caught fire, but fortunately only the thatch was burnt. Carver and Bradford who were inside had narrow escapes, but after all little damage was done. Further delay was caused by sickness. The settlers were beginning to feel the ill effects of all they had endured. Partly owing to the overcrowding on shipboard and partly on account of the severe weather on their arrival, many were laid low. It was very difficult in their present condition to fight disease. The first house that was finished had to be set apart as a hospital, and all through February it was full of the sick and dying. Sometimes there were two or three deaths a day, and at one time only seven people were well enough to attend to ordinary affairs. Brewster and Standish were two of the stalwarts who never gave way. In addition to much other work, they were indefatigable in nursing the sufferers. By the end of February thirty-one had died, and altogether only fifty survived that first winter. The dead were buried in a piece of ground near the harbour known as Coleshill, and in the early spring it was grassed

over to hide the weakness of the colony from the Indians.

Meanwhile the few who were well were kept very busy. Besides building houses and nursing the sick, they were obliged to go out in search of food, to eke out the supplies brought over on the 'Mayflower.' Sometimes in their hunting expeditions they had to venture far inland. One day early in January, Francis Billington came home with the news that he had walked across to another sea. A few days later he went with one of the sailors to investigate more closely. They found—not a sea—but a great freshwater lake 'full of fish and fowl.' It has kept to this day the name of Billington Sea. Another day two men quite lost their bearings while chasing a deer. Night came on and they still could not find their way home. They had hardly any food with them, and no weapons except their sickles with which they had been cutting brushwood for thatch. To make matters worse it began to snow, and the men were soon very wet and cold. They roamed about trying to find shelter but in vain. Then they were seized with a new fear. They began to hear strange noises which they imagined to be the roar of lions, so they spent the whole of the bitterly cold night pacing up and down in front of a

tree, ready to climb up if the lions came near. It turned out afterwards that there were no lions in the country, but of course these men did not know at the time how many strange beasts might not be prowling about. At day-break they wandered on again, coming to many lakes and brooks, but it was not till the afternoon that they at last reached a high hill, and saw, to their joy, the two islands at the mouth of the harbour. They were much relieved when they got home that night, faint with hunger and weariness, and nearly starved with cold. Their friends were glad to see them too. Search parties had been sent out, and on their return without the missing men, people had begun to fear that they had been taken by the Indians or killed by wild animals. Only a day or two later John Goodman had a narrow escape. He was out with his dog when two wolves appeared in his path and threatened to attack him. He frightened them away by throwing his stick at them, but they soon returned. Fortunately, however, they did nothing worse than 'sit on their tails and grin,' so no harm was done, but the incident served as a warning, and the Pilgrims were more careful in future to be well armed when they went out, especially in the evenings.

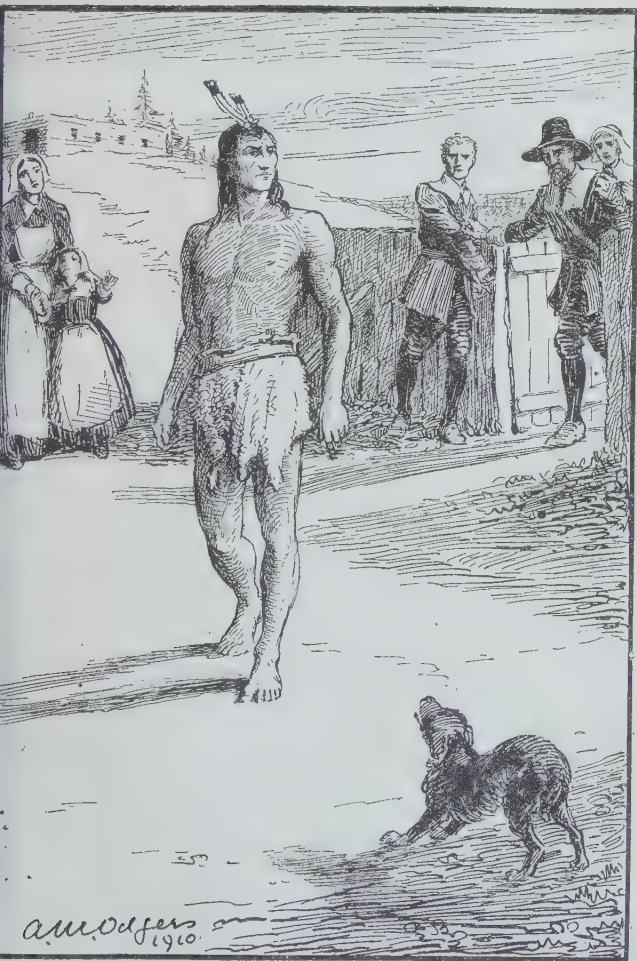
## CHAPTER VII

### DEALINGS WITH THE INDIANS

*An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,  
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ALL this time the settlers were never quite free from the fear of Indians. Often when exploring they came across Indian huts, and sometimes they were made aware of their neighbours by the mysterious disappearance of tools left by accident in the woods. One day in February, when nearly everybody was ill, a man came running in from the woods saying that he had seen twelve Indians close by and heard more in the distance. This led the settlers to hold a meeting to consider what they should do in case of attack. Instinctively they turned to Miles Standish, their soldier friend, who had already proved his capacity as a leader in times of difficulty and danger.



'A solitary Indian came stalking through the village.'



He was elected Captain, and was to take command in all dealings with the Indians and 'in all military affairs.' It was not that the settlers wanted to make enemies of their neighbours—indeed they were anxious to be on a friendly footing with them—but so far they had not been able to assure the Indians of their peaceful intentions, nor did they know how the Indians were likely to treat them. The natives could hardly be expected to be very well disposed towards the new-comers. The arrangements were hardly made before Standish had to exercise his new powers. Two Indians appeared on the far side of the brook and made signs to the settlers. Standish and another man crossed the brook, but although they laid aside their muskets in sign of peace, the natives were afraid and ran away.

Nothing more was seen or heard of them for some weeks, till one day towards the end of March, when a solitary Indian came stalking through the village. To every one's great surprise he began to speak in English, welcoming the white men to his country. It appeared that he had learned English from some fishermen away to the North. He seemed very friendly, and told the settlers a great deal about the country. They learnt that the Indian name for the place was Patuxet, that a pestilence

had carried off all the inhabitants, and therefore there was no one to dispute their possession. He told them that his tribe were friendly to the 'White Faces,' but their other neighbours, the Narragansetts, were hostile, because some of their tribe had been carried away as slaves by an English sea-captain. At the invitation of his hosts Samoset, as he called himself, partook of a meal of bread and cheese, butter and biscuits, finishing off with a large piece of pudding, all of which we are told he liked very well. As he showed no intention of leaving that night, he was lodged in one of the houses, and very carefully guarded. When he left the next morning he was presented with a knife, a bracelet, and a ring; in return he promised to bring beaver skins.

The very next day he appeared again, this time accompanied by 'five tall proper men, each wearing a deer's skin, and the chief one a wild cat's skin on one arm.' They all wore long leggings of skin almost like trousers, and each had a bag of meal at his waist. Their complexion was a reddish brown colour except where, by way of ornament, their faces were painted with a broad black band from chin to forehead. They had very black hair, long behind and short in front, and in their hair were feathers. One wore a fox-tail which

waved from his head in the wind. They left their bows and arrows a quarter of a mile away, and showed no fear among their new friends, who feasted them as liberally as their scanty victuals would allow. In return for this hospitality the visitors started to sing and dance. They had brought back the tools that had been stolen, and also three or four skins which they wanted to sell, but the Pilgrims would not barter on Sunday, so they were invited to come again another day.

Samoset had evidently enjoyed his previous visit, for he wished to repeat it, and this time he stayed two or three days. At last he was persuaded to go away, this time equipped with a hat, a pair of stockings and shoes, and a shirt. We are not told if he ever consented to wear them. They must have been objects of great curiosity to his Indian friends. Soon after he had gone, the Pilgrims were again disturbed by their neighbours. This time the savages were not so friendly. They sharpened their arrows and made show of defiance, but ran away as soon as Captain Standish came near.

The next day Samoset came again, this time bringing with him Squanto, the only remaining native of Patuxet. Curiously enough he also knew a little English, having escaped from a slave-ship in London. These two had come to

announce the approach of the 'Great King' Massasoit and his brother Quadequina. These were waiting with sixty men on the top of a neighbouring hill, and before he would come nearer, Massasoit asked that some one should be sent as a hostage to his camp. It was rather a perilous undertaking, but Winslow volunteered to go. With the view of making an impression on the Indians, he put on a complete suit of armour, and buckled on his sword. The shining armour and the sword had the desired effect. The Indians were greatly awed by the dazzling stranger. They begged leave to touch him, and were not content till they had thoroughly examined his wonderful garment. Winslow had brought presents for Massasoit, and, with the help of Squanto as interpreter, he intimated that the white men desired peace with the 'Great King' Massasoit, and his friendship. He said that he was the bearer of greetings from King James of England to the Indian chief whom he would like to salute as an ally. He added that the Governor of Plymouth would like to trade with Massasoit and his tribe. The speech pleased the chief, who was persuaded to visit the town, leaving Winslow in custody.

The interview that followed between Massasoit and Governor Carver is one of the most

famous and important incidents in the history of the colony. Trembling with fear, Massasoit left his bow and arrows on the far side of the brook and entered the town. He was very solemnly received and conducted to a half-built house, where he was invited to sit down on the rugs and cushions which had been hastily collected in his honour. Immediately the Governor entered to the sound of trumpet and drum. The two men solemnly greeted each other by kissing hands, and then sat down and ate and drank together. They were a strange party, Carver and his body-guard of musketeers on the one side—stolid Englishmen, worn and anxious, hardly knowing what to expect from their strange guest; on the other side the ‘Great King,’ with his uncouth followers, equally suspicious of his host and embarrassed by his surroundings. The Indian chief was a fine grown man, grave of countenance and spare of speech. He differed very little in attire from his followers, his chief distinction being a great chain of white bone beads<sup>1</sup> about his neck. A long knife hung at his waist and a bag of tobacco, which he ‘drank’ (smoked) from time to time and offered to his host. His face was painted with a sad red, and both his head and face were well oiled ‘so that he looked

<sup>1</sup> Wampum, the Indian money.

greasily.' The faces of his followers were painted; some had great streaks of white, black, red, or yellow, others were decorated with crosses and more elaborate designs. The men were all tall and strong looking. When his guests were sufficiently at ease, Governor Carver began to treat of peace, Squanto again acting as interpreter. They soon came to terms, and a solemn treaty of friendship was drawn up and signed. The work of a day, this famous 'First Treaty with the Indians'<sup>1</sup> was faithfully kept by both sides till long after Massasoit and most of the Pilgrims had passed away.

The business over, Massasoit returned to his camp, embracing the Governor at the brook. The next visitor was Quadequina. He also was entertained with great ceremony. When he had been safely escorted back to camp, Winslow was allowed to return home. The visitors stayed a few days near by, watching the strange doings of the 'White Faces.' After Standish and one or two others had paid them a return visit, they at last went away loaded with presents, and especially pleased with a kettle full of pease. Their hosts were not sorry to be left to themselves again, and turned with relief to their ordinary occupations.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix ii.

The Pilgrims were very much pleased with the results of the visit. They felt that they had started on the right lines with Massasoit. By the help of Squanto they had made him understand that they wished to be friendly. They had been much relieved to hear that the land they had chosen was really unclaimed; they could now proceed with their building with less fear of being molested. Squanto remained with the settlers and proved himself a very good friend to them. He told the people when to sow their corn 'when the leaves of the oak are as large as the ears of a mouse'; he showed them how to catch fish in the native fashion, and helped them in all sorts of ways till his death in the following year. He was especially useful in all dealings with the Indians, and no doubt it was partly owing to his good offices that the Pilgrims were almost always on excellent terms with them, so that one man writing home in the autumn could say that 'the natives, wont to be most cruel and treacherous even like lions, have been to us like lambs.'

## CHAPTER VIII

### CONCLUSION

*God wills it : here our rest shall be,  
Our years of wandering o'er,  
For us the ' Mayflower ' of the sea  
Shall spread her sails no more.*

J. G. WHITTIER.

AT last the long and trying winter gave way to spring. On March 3rd, Bradford was able to enter in his diary that the birds sang in the woods very pleasantly for the first time, and the weather was warm and fair. The patients began to recover, the grumblers' complaints became less frequent, and all looked more hopefully to the future. All this time the ' Mayflower ' had been riding at anchor in the bay, but the captain was now impatient to return home. He was only waiting for his crew to be well enough to work the ship, for they had suffered as well as the colonists. With the approach of spring their

strength returned, and soon the time came when the 'Mayflower' must sail away. The remainder of the provisions were landed and everything that belonged to the settlers. This was the last chance of return. Many were tempted, but all stood firm. On April 5th the 'Mayflower' weighed anchor, and, with only the captain and crew on board, passed slowly out of the harbour and out of sight.

Thus the last link with the Old World was broken—Plymouth, America, must in future be the home of the Pilgrims, and it depended upon their own efforts what sort of a home they would make it.

The first hard winter over, there was every reason to hope that a permanent settlement would be made. All through the summer the men worked with a will, sowing corn under the guidance of Squanto, and building more houses. Bradford was now Governor. The late Governor Carver had died from a sun-stroke received while working in the fields early in April, and Bradford was elected as his successor at a general meeting of the Pilgrims.

They did not lose sight of their Indian neighbours. In June Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins paid a visit to Massasoit, the chief or Sagamore as he was called. Guided by Squanto they journeyed for two

days through the forest. On the way they passed several Indian villages where they were very kindly received in native fashion. When they reached Massasoit's camp they were made very welcome. They had brought a message of goodwill from Plymouth and also a gay trooper's coat trimmed with lace. This they presented to the Sagamore, who put it on and was very much pleased with himself in his new attire. Their chief object in coming was to find out who were the owners of the corn they had found on their first arrival. This they learned, and so were enabled at last to pay their debt. Their business over they were invited to stay on at the camp. This they consented to do for two days, but they did not very much enjoy the experience. They found the hut rather a crowded lodging, and the bed—which they shared with the Sagamore and two of his followers—very hard and uncomfortable. It consisted merely of planks raised a few inches above the ground and covered over with mats. 'We were worse weary of our lodging than of our journey.' Food was not very plentiful. Two moderate sized fishes were divided amongst forty people, and this was 'all we had to eat for two nights and a day.' They were not sorry when the time came for them to return home.

In August news reached Plymouth that their friend Squanto had been taken prisoner by a hostile tribe, so Standish set out with about a dozen men to demand his release. To their joy he was found alive, but his captors offered some resistance at first, and it was not until some of them were wounded that they would give up their prisoner. Then they offered to make peace, to which the Pilgrims gladly agreed. To show their wish to be friendly they took home the wounded and nursed them at Plymouth. This incident had a very wholesome effect on the Indians. It showed them that their new neighbours were not to be trifled with, and it also gave Massasoit confidence in his new friends.

When the harvest was gathered in, and all preparations made for the winter, the Pilgrims invited Massasoit and about a hundred of his followers to a feast. This was made possible by the flocks of water-fowl and wild turkeys that made their appearance at this time. The festivities lasted several days, and were a great success. They entertained their guests with military display and sports, and the Indians in their turn amused the company with their wild songs and dances. This was the beginning of the well-known American institution—Thanksgiving Day.

The Pilgrims had good reason to be satisfied with their first season's work. They had a good store of corn for the winter, and trade with the Indians had provided them with plenty of furs. These were set aside with some timber to be sent back to England when the next ship came over. Seven private houses had been built, and three or four others for general use. At the top of the hill was the large building which for the present did duty both as a church and as a fort. The houses, it is true, were only plain and rough, with very few windows. Instead of glass they had sheets of brown paper soaked in linseed-oil. But, however primitive, the log-huts were a great deal better than the bare hill-side which had received them the year before.

We must now leave the Pilgrim Fathers with their 'houses fit against winter, in good health, and having all things in plenty.' Such was the cheerful account sent home by the 'Fortune,' a vessel which arrived in November with some more settlers, including the families of some of the men who had come out alone on the 'Mayflower.' Much more might be told about the early days of Plymouth, but these belong to American history and cannot be included in this story. Other colonies were formed in the neighbourhood and with Plymouth were called

New England. Many of these became more prosperous than Plymouth and now hold a far more important position, but nevertheless the Pilgrim Fathers have a special claim to be remembered. Before their enterprise it had always been said that trade, and trade alone, could found a colony. The Pilgrim Fathers had the honour to be the first to refute this. It was not trade nor love of adventure that led them across the Atlantic, but the pursuit of an ideal. They are celebrated 'not because in danger or in failure they were stout-hearted. Many a freebooter, many a soldier of fortune has been that. It is because they were stout-hearted for an ideal.' First the move to Holland, then, after twelve years' sojourn in a foreign country, the three months' voyage across an almost unknown ocean, and finally the life and death struggle through a terrible winter—with what result? They were now a self-governing colony, and could worship God in the way they believed to be right. At the time the Pilgrims could not realize all this meant. Many grew old and died conscious only of the toil and struggle, with no certain knowledge of the success of their efforts. But we know better now the greatness of their achievement, for with the firm foundation of Plymouth there opened a new chapter in the

story of man's efforts to win Liberty, and having won it to guard it and use it well.

In 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers made their great venture in search of Religious Liberty, and in their efforts to attain it also showed the way to Civil Liberty.

By hard work, by patience, by perseverance, by courage, and by faith in God and man, they triumphed. In 1920 our problems may be different, but there is the same need—the need for men and women, who by hard work—by patience—by perseverance—by courage, and by faith in God and man will win Liberty for our generation and keep it and use it well. We too must have the greatness of soul of the Pilgrim Fathers. We too must be ‘stout-hearted for an ideal.’

## APPENDIX I

### THE COMPACT

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James of England, France, and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini 1620.

[Here follow the forty-one signatures.]

## APPENDIX II

### THE FIRST TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

1. That neither he (Massasoit) nor any of his should injure or do hurt to any of our people.

2. And if any of his did hurt to any of ours, he should send the offender, that we might punish him.

3. That if any of our tools were taken away when our people were at work, he should cause them to be restored ; and if ours did any harm to any of his, we would do the like to them.

4. If any did unjustly war against him, we would aid him ; if any did war against us he should aid us.

5. He should send to his neighbour confederates to certify them of this, that they might not wrong us, but might be likewise comprised in the conditions of peace.

6. That when their men came to us they should leave their bows and arrows behind them, as we should do our pieces when we came to them.

7. Lastly that doing thus, King James would esteem of him as his friend and ally.

### APPENDIX III

#### JOHN ROBINSON

In 'John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers' (Williams & Norgate) Rev. Walter H. Burgess has thrown fresh light on several details connected with the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, especially on their life in Holland. He has collected a great deal of information about Robinson's theological controversies, and shows how he gradually grew more tolerant. He also lays stress on the influence of Robinson on the political as well as on the religious ideas of his flock. I must be content to refer teachers and others interested in the subject to the book itself, as the material does not come within the scope of this short account for children. The following particulars however have a direct bearing on incidents mentioned in the book.

(a) Burgess (p. 71) seems to imply that Richard Clyfton joined the Scrooby Society *after* it had been formed.

(b) p. 67. Burgess thinks that on leaving Norwich Robinson went to live at his old home Sturton-le-Steeple, a village not far from Scrooby.

(c) pp. 253-6. Burgess prints Robinson's 'Letter of Advice' sent to the 'Planters in New England at their first setting sail from Southampton,' which includes the following paragraph:—

[5] 'Lastly, whereas you are to become a Body Politic using amongst yourselves Civil Government, and are not furnished with any persons of special eminency above the rest to be chosen by you into office of Government, let your wisdom and Godliness appear not only in choosing such persons as do entirely love, and will diligently promote, the common good, but also in yielding unto them all due honour and obedience in their lawful administrations. Not beholding in

them the ordinariness of their persons, but God's ordinance for your good, nor being like unto the foolish multitude, who more honour the gay coat than either the virtuous mind of the man or glorious ordinance of the Lord.

'But you know better things, and that the Image of the Lord's power and authority which the Magistrate beareth, is honourable in how mean persons soever. And this duty you both may the more willingly and ought the more consciously to perform, because you are at least for the present, to have only them for your ordinary Governors which yourselves shall make choice of for that work.'

Burgess, p. 267 foot-note:

(d) 'The name Plymouth appears on the map of "New England observed and described by Captain John Smith" in 1614 for this spot, and the Pilgrims retained it, noting the coincidence that Plymouth was the last port they left in old England.'

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